

# The Fury

## The Pyronauts

Forward on, just go on  
Direction less, rush for close by  
Before species specific-motion  
No change for equilibrium, stopFetid, persistent stench of the race  
Rushes in every slot  
Sticking all together into a mass  
I hate you, I hate us  
You know what I mean? Fuck offThis world stigma cries out on your forehead  
Anti-God prepares your own personal void  
The only way to equilibrium  
Kill yourself, but

Lyrics provided by

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